

The SEVENTH PERSON

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SYNOPSIS.

Gerard Chambers, son of a wealthy importer and a student at an eastern college, was awarded a membership in the "Club of the South," a secret organization, founded by Rodney Graves. The society was exclusive, only seven being admitted. The members were known as "Persons." A meeting was held and each member was awarded the "call of destiny," which amounted to an assignment to test his metal. Chambers was told to pass a period as a sailor and not set foot in North America for a year. Then he was directed to go to Mexico for further instructions which were to assign him to another year's exile, during which time he must make his own living unaided, and keep everything a secret. He gained his father's consent. He also acquired Marjilla Bayless, his father's choice for his wife, with the fact that he would be away two years. She left him angrily. Jerry obtained a berth as supercargo on an ocean freighter. Jerry sailed the following morning on the Sister Mary. Capt. Bulger told him that the boat was bound for Uruguay, South America, loaded with guns for enemies of that government. Jerry, given opportunity to desert, passed it up. He landed the guns as a Uruguayan cruiser boy in view. At first Sister Mary was chased, but escaped. Chambers being made the object of the chase, Chambers was captured and thrown into a dungeon. Marina Bostos, adopted daughter of Gen. Bostos, entered Jerry's cell and ministered to his wounds. Each made a strong impression on the other. She was known as the "little saint of Uruguay," because of her nursing Jerry, tried by Gen. Bostos, was sentenced to die at sunrise the following day. Marina, Jerry's love, urged him to recover his daughter. "I shall do all in my power to recover your daughter," said Barado, and he forthwith dispatched men in all directions.

CHAPTER XII.

On to Pandaro!

"On to Pandaro! On to Pandaro!" This cry rang exultantly from the throats of thousands in the drawn-up ranks of the victorious army as Jerry Chambers escorted the fallen leader of the government's forces past the soldiers to Gen. Barado's tent.

The rigid etiquette of war was forgotten when the two gizzled leaders met. Apparently oblivious to their surroundings, they embraced each other, and the tears from Gen. Barado's eyes were as sincere and fast-falling as those which dimmed the sight of the vanquished Bostos.

"On to Pandaro! On to Pandaro!" again and again burst from the ranks. "Gen. Bostos shall be my guest," said Barado, after he had regained control of his emotions; "he shall enjoy every privilege, every honor, every respect to which I am entitled."

"On to Pandaro! On to Pandaro!" "Yes—on to Pandaro!" cried Barado, bringing his form to its full height, seeming for a moment to forget his old friend. Then, his eyes mellowing and his voice softening, he placed his hand on Bostos' shoulder and said: "It is the fortune of war, my old friend, and it has been against you. Though the tide of battle has swept you from your feet, my love for you now is even stronger than it was when we stood side by side and fought for the old cause—fight for the republic. Your freedom shall be unrestricted; your every desire shall be gratified."

Barado grasped the hand of the fallen leader with the warmth of true love, and with a whispered word of comfort, left the tent. The few members of the staff, excepting Jerry, departed with him. Gen. Bostos sat down on a campstool and immediately fell into deep meditation. Jerry, standing near the entrance to the tent, keenly sympathized with him. The general was the first to break the long silence.

"Tell me, Capt. Chambers," he said, laboriously, "where is my Marina?"

"That I cannot tell you, Gen. Bostos," was the answer.

"You do not know?"

"She may return to you."

"No—no, no!" the old man cried; "she must not come to me, against whom she has so deeply sinned! I shall not look into her face; I shall—I shall strike her down!"

Jerry's first impulse was to retort sharply, but it expired in pity for the vanquished leader, who seemed almost ready to collapse.

"Gen. Bostos," he began, slowly and calmly, "you cruelly wrong Senorita Bostos, who, in the face of what she has done, still remains the 'little saint' of all Uruguay—the first woman in the heart of every soldier. You still have the father's heart, and, though the fortune of war has been against you, you must retain some of the old love—yes, all of the old love for her, Gen. Bostos, your daughter has been very ill."

"My Marina ill?" muttered the old man, tremblingly, his eyes showing the fear that was behind them.

"Very, very ill. Would you not see her with a heart of forgiveness?"

"Yes, yes," the general cried in anguish, wringing his hands; "bring her to me, bring her to me! She shall see the father of old!"

"I cannot bring her to you now, Gen. Bostos," said Jerry, "for she is not here. She has gone with the remains of Capt. Pilaro to their final resting place. But she has promised to come back. You must be patient, Gen. Bostos."

The old man's face became stern and his eyes flashed. "Capt. Pilaro was a traitor," said he. "It is well that the world is rid of him. His body should be torn to pieces by the dogs and his stripes should be stripped

from his clothing and burned. One thousand riffs is offered for the return of his body, dead or alive. Men are in every direction hunting for him. He yet shall receive the deserts of a traitor."

Gen. Bostos sat down again and buried his face in his hands. Jerry bowed and departed without speaking another word.

A few days later, when final preparations were being made for the march of the victorious army on to the capital, one of Barado's scouts dashed into camp with information that a score of men from the government's forces had intercepted the small Pilaro funeral train 40 miles from the hamlet to which the body of the captain was destined and that Marina Bostos and the men who accompanied her had been captured and taken in the direction of Pandaro.

"Following the instructions of Gen. Bostos," said the scout, "the body of Pilaro was cut to pieces and burned with what remained of his uniform."

These words reached the ears of the almost frantic Bostos, who pleaded that every effort be made to recover his daughter.

"I shall do all in my power to recover your daughter," said Barado, and he forthwith dispatched men in all directions.

Gen. Barado's sweeping victory practically ended the bitter war. The government at Pandaro now was hopelessly overmatched, and even the most loyal supporters of Cardovas urged him to acknowledge the inevitable and to give up before more blood was needlessly spilled. The news of Barado's victory created panic at the capital; thousands of terror-stricken "loyalists" fled to the mountains.

President Cardovas, in a last desperate effort, concentrated his discouraged, half-hearted forces around Pandaro, determined to prevent, if possible, the entrance of the revolutionists into the city. Barado's triumph resulted in thousands of desertions from the government's ranks; among those who went over to the other side were numerous officers high in both military and civic circles. Gen. Bostos, realizing the hopelessness of further resistance, urged the president to cease hostilities and to make immediate peace.

Two weeks after the great battle in the north the victorious Barado and his army started for the capital. Everywhere along the route he was hailed as Uruguay's greatest hero. There was some bush-fighting at places, but the progress of the victors was not seriously checked. Cardovas, heedless of all advice and entreaty, stubbornly prepared to offer battle on the outskirts of Pandaro, but the size and splendid strength of Barado's forces overawed his men, who fled in panic before them. The triumphant march to the Palacio del Presidente was one of the most inspiring sights ever witnessed in Uruguay. The flag of the confederacy soon was fluttering from the top of the palace and the government of Jose Cardovas was fallen, never to rise again.

In the minds of the masses there seemed to be but one name, one man—Herrero Barado. With the plaudits of tens of thousands ringing in his ears, Gen. Barado was proclaimed president of the Uruguayan Confederacy.

The new president, modest and unassuming, magnanimously gave full credit where credit was due, and in parceling out those to whom extraordinary honors would be shown, he did not overlook the Seventh Person of The Gemini, who after the story of how he had saved Barado's life from the hand of an assassin had become generally known, was hailed everywhere as one of the great figures of the war. The suggestion that a great reception be given in his honor met with unanimous approval, though Jerry did his best to ward off such a demonstration.

"But if you will do it," said Jerry, after he was convinced that the people would have their way, "I shall ask that the honors be shared by one to whom I owe my life and my services to the cause of the Confederacy. I have the right to insist that the reception be given as much for Senorita Bostos as for myself."

"But Senorita Bostos is dead," some one suggested; "else why is she not here?"

"She is not dead; I am sure of that," said Jerry, confidently. "It is not her time to be dead. She must be found." But there was not a word of encouragement from any side. Almost everybody in the capital believed that Marina either had been murdered or was being held for ransom. President Barado had offered a large reward for the return of Marina, and the constabulary of the nation, as well as the soldiery, did everything in its power to restore to the people the "little saint of Uruguay."

Gen. Bostos, now firmly reconciled to the situation, promised the president his full support and loyalty in establishing the new government, and he agreed that Marina, if found, should share the honor of the proposed reception to the beloved Capt. Jerry.

The reception was set for May 5, when the first great fiesta de paisanos since the outbreak of the rebellion should be in full away at the capital.

As the time dragged on, Jerry became more and more despondent over the fate of Marina Bostos. At last, he had come to share the general belief that she either had succumbed to illness or had been killed.

CHAPTER XIII.

A Hitch in a Program.

All preparations for the great reception to Capt. Jerry Chambers had practically been completed. The peasants' fete had begun, and the city of Pandaro never before had been in such gala dress. The bright colors of the new Confederacy fluttered from every building, and the public houses were almost hidden from view by bunting and streamers. The visitors came early, and when the fete was begun there were fully 25,000 country people mingling with the democrats of the capital.

The absence of Marina Bostos cast a gloom over the occasion. That she was dead was believed by almost everybody, and the faint hope in Jerry's breast that she might be alive was now but a dim spark. It was suggested that one day be given over to mourning for the "little saint of Uruguay," but the suggestion did not carry because of the doubt of her being dead. In many churches, however, prayers for the repose of her soul were offered, and so certain were many that she was not alive that they wore bits of crepe on their sleeves.

Jerry pleaded that the reception to him be stricken off the program, but in view of the fact that thousands had traveled from the countryside to see only him and the president of the nation it was decided that the reception should be held. Out of deference to the memory of Marina Bostos, however, a postponement to May 12 was made.

It is doubtful if any other man shared President Barado's glory more fully than Jerry. He was lionized by all classes, and there was a demonstration of enthusiasm every time he appeared in public view.

Not only was the name of Jerry Chambers on the lips of every man, woman and child of Uruguay, but it was lofty in the minds of the people of the United States of America by this time.

One of the proudest hearts in all America beat within the breast of Wallace Chambers, who, upon receipt of information as to his son's whereabouts and accomplishments in the cause of liberty, declared that he knew "he would show the 'Chambers colors.'" Of course, Mrs. Chambers' anxious heart throbbed with apprehension and fear, but the tears that came to give her relief sprang from a pool of incomparable pride. And there was another, too, who wept tears—Marjilla Bayless—but they were tears of regret.

Jerry Chambers was under "contract," it will be recalled, to present himself at Calle Coliseo, City of Mexico, at noon on June 19, the last day of the first year of his absence. It was on the morning of May 12 that he found himself trying to give definite shape to his plans for the future. Keeping as much as possible from the sight of the joyous throngs, he went to the office of the Trans-Oceanic Transportation Company.

"I want to reach Havana about June 10," said he. "What are your sailings?"

"Just in time, sir," said the agent. "This afternoon at four one of our combination freight and passenger vessels—the Pranzas—will start for Havana. You see, since the war began our service out of Pandaro has been uncertain and unsatisfactory, and we have not had chance yet to whip it into shape. The Pranzas is a slow goer, and she will put in three times before reaching Havana. With good luck, she should arrive there by June 8. Until the government turns our other boats back to us our service must necessarily be irregular. I don't think you can count on anything else earlier than the last of the month."

Jerry's heart almost ceased beating and for a moment he was speechless. Finally he exploded:

"Great Scott! Must I sail for Havana this afternoon, or not at all?"

"If you must reach Havana around the tenth, yes," answered the surprised agent.

Jerry's mind was in a jumble, and before he fully realized what he was doing he had made his reservation. He fumbled in his pockets for money, which a sober thought convinced him he did not have.

"What's the fare?" he snapped.

"Sixty-six riffs."

"I'll bring the money around when I call for the ticket," and the next moment he was rushing towards the palace to see President Barado. There was only one thought in his mind: "I must catch that boat!"

"Mr. President," Jerry said, as soon as he had hustled the nation's chief officer into a private office, his eyes and voice betraying the intense excitement under which he was laboring. "I'd like to tell you all, but—but I haven't time now. I must leave Pandaro this afternoon for Havana!"

Barado's chin dropped in amazement and he began to stammer unintelligibly.

"There's no way out of it," Jerry went on rapidly, "and I want you to help me. See?"

"I don't see," gasped the executive. "What—what are you talking about?"

"I didn't know—that is, wasn't real sure about it until I inquired this morning. I thought the sailings were regular and frequent by this time, and—"

"You are going to leave Pandaro this afternoon—the afternoon of all afternoons?" said the president.

"That's it, that's it, Mr. President. Now, you see, my presence on board the Pranzas before she sails is far more important than my presence at the palace after that hour—four—I can tell you. I know you must be in the dark and think I'm crazy, but I simply cannot tell you any more than that I must be aboard that vessel by four."

"You have said nothing to me about this before," said the president, scarcely able to believe his own ears. "Have you had important word from home? Is some one—"

"No—nothing of the sort; that is, yes—oh, you see, I am under contract to be at Havana within a specified time." He stighed and smiled as though he had made himself perfectly clear to the befuddled mind of the executive.

"And you want—"

"Yes, I've simply got to have it—66 riffs at least. If you can fix me out I'll be under lasting obligations to you, and will return the money as soon as I can."

Barado looked into Jerry's dancing eyes for fully a minute and then burst into violent laughter. Jerry smiled, but it was a sickly smile.

"Of course, you shall have all the money you want," said the president, "but I cannot understand why you are in such great haste to leave Pandaro. Surely, you cannot be weakening before the honor that is to be shown you this afternoon, and—"

"Oh, that will be easy," said Jerry. "But you will fix me out?"

"For all you want."

Within a few minutes Jerry Chambers had on his person 500 riffs, equivalent to about \$400 in the money of the United States of America. This was a fortune to him, for at no time after he boarded the Sister Mary in the Erie basin had he possessed more than \$25.

While he was dressing for the great reception Jerry reflected on the situation with mixed amusement and doubt.

It was shortly after two o'clock when the first strains from the great military band of 70 pieces burst like musical thunder from behind a forest of palms in the balcony of the grand ballroom of the palace. Almost all of the guests had assembled by that time. The committee on arrangements had planned to have Capt. Jerry escorted to the station of honor promptly at 2:30 o'clock. The minister of justice was to have his arm to the center of the hall, where President Barado was to await him with the Cross of Honor.

As is usual in such cases, however, there was delay. The floor was not cleared until ten minutes before three, and Jerry, who had been waiting in an ante-room for an hour, was but little short of a bundle of unstrung nerves. His eyes were on the clock all the time that he was not trying to be pleasant with those about him. When the dignified, slow-moving minister of justice finally did come he almost ran to meet him.

A fanfare of trumpets was followed by a mighty roar from the thousands of persons assembled, being succeeded by an outburst that was but little less than wild pandemonium when Jerry, clothed in the full dress of a captain, appeared in view. Under most circumstances he could keep cool and reasonably calm, but when he felt himself the sole object of 2,000 eyes he almost lost his bearings completely, scarcely realizing where he was and what he was expected to do. From the massed sidelines roses were hurled at him by the women, and the seas of wildly fluttering handkerchiefs and small flags almost made him dizzy. This demonstration was accompanied by a din of voices that probably is ringing in his ears yet.

Nothing could have pleased the president more than the great reception accorded to the handsome young officer, who, when he came to a stop before him, looked into a pair of eyes that snapped with love and admiration.

A signal from the master of ceremonies instantly hushed the vast assemblage, and every ear was inclined towards the station of honor.

"Capt. Gerard Chambers," began President Barado, slowly and impressively, "you stand in the presence of this vast concourse of people this afternoon one of the most beloved men in all Uruguay. Deafening applause hailed the speaker fully three minutes.

"You are here to receive the greatest honor that the president of the people can confer upon you—the Cross of Honor. The whole republic thus honors you; all Uruguay takes this means of expressing its gratitude and its appreciation. Your name forever shall stand out brilliantly on our roll of honor; it shall serve as an inspiration to the rising generations not only of Uruguay, but of every other land that admires all that is good and strong in a young man. Now, in the name of the whole people, I decorate you with



Jerry Jumped for the Rail, Which He Barely Reached.

the Cross of Honor of the Confederacy of Uruguay, and lift a silent prayer that you long may enjoy happy life, and that Uruguay and her people may occupy the warm spot in your heart that you monopolize in theirs."

In another moment the barriers had crumbled and a wild rush was made towards the young hero, who stood beside the executive. The thought of the sailing of the Pranzas had been swept from Jerry's mind. Men and women struggled among themselves to touch his hands, and at times the crush became so great that guards had to intercede to keep him and the president from being carried off their feet.

High on the wall was a big clock, which up to this time had escaped the notice of the young captain. While Jerry was mumbling out thanks to the persons who took his hand, President Barado sent into his ear at these words:

"The Pranzas sails in 13 minutes!"

The warm smile on Jerry's lips froze instantly and his eyes shot up to the big timepiece. For an instant he was paralyzed; then, in a realization that sent the blood surging to his brain, he turned and grasped the arm of the beaming executive, exclaiming excitedly:

"I still have time! I must reach her! Take me out—let me run to the rear!"

He actually was tugging at the president's arm, the masses before him gaping in bewilderment.

"But, captain, you cannot—"

"I must! Come on, if you—if you love me!"

In another instant the president of the Uruguayan Confederacy was being hurried across the floor towards a rear door, holding back as best he could and all the time trying to get his words into Jerry's heedless ears. Once in an adjoining room, the president held Jerry in a determined effort to be heard.

"Mr. President," desperately cried Jerry, "I must run for my very life! I'll jump into the first carriage and—I will reach that boat in time!"

"But, my captain—"

"I'll write you from Havana! Good-bye, Mr.—"

"But—"

"So long, so long!"

"Captain—"

But the next instant the president of Uruguay was alone, and rushing madly towards a carriage in the driveway was Capt. Jerry Chambers, the Cross of Honor beating on his gilded breast and his eyes wild with fear and excitement.

"To the Trans-Oceanic docks!" he cried to the surprised man on the box. "Fifty riffs if you get me there in time—before four; your head knocked off if you don't."

The next moment two horses were galloping down the driveway, a merciless whip cutting streaks in their backs. Never before had two steeds raced so madly through the streets of the old capital; never before had a driver taken such chances.

As Jerry sprang out of the carriage at the dock, just as the clock in a tall tower near by rang out the hour of four, he threw a handful of coins at the dazed driver and dashed for the pier of the Pranzas.

The gang-plank was just being taken in and the boat's propeller was beginning to churn the water. Jerry did not wait for the plank to be reset, but jumped for the rail, which he barely reached.

"Close shave," said one of the boat's officers.

"I have had closer ones," said Capt. Jerry.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Silent Sentinels.

The brilliant Cross of Honor named on Jerry's breast more than an hour before he thought of it off and making himself less conspicuous before the eyes of the huddled or more passengers. It was matter of only a short time before identity became known to every one on board, and, although he sought keep himself in the background, he was unable to escape the admiring glances that were shot at him by all angles, and often he felt uncomfortable under the whispered sensation of which he knew himself to be the sole subject. He remained as much out of the view of the ship as possible until after dusk.

Jerry regretted leaving the scene of his greatest triumph, but he was exuberantly glad that he had succeeded in catching the Pranzas correspondingly disgusted that he not arranged to have the boat an hour or two. After the last of capital had been hidden from view stretched out on a chair and old picturing the possibilities of the future. Allowing the Pranzas to be 10 to reach Havana, he would be about nine days in which to cover distance between that city and Cruz and the City of Mexico. There were sailings twice a week between the Cuban metropolis and Vera Cruz and he felt that if he could not get to Havana until the 12th or 13th he would have time to reach—

Coliseo according to "contract," which that he would have no time in appearing in time for his first instructions, he let his mind wander back to New York, and for the time since he boarded Capt. Bulger's filibustering boat the feeling of sickness seized him.

What would he not have given very moment if he could step into presence of his parents in the dress of a captain of the Uruguayan confederacy and with the greatest of that a grateful people could do upon him?

Many men prominent in the mercantile affairs of Uruguay were at Pranzas, among them being Senor Callo Lopez, the foremost export and importing merchant of South America, and a man of almost fabulous wealth. With Senor Lopez was only daughter—Senorita Mercedes, belle of Pandaro and of Madrid, recognized as one of the most beautiful young women of all Uruguay. He had heard of Senor Lopez as a staunch supporter of the Cardovian government.

On the morning of the next day Senor Lopez introduced himself to Jerry, in turn presenting his daughter.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Man is that compound being, one to fill that wide hiatus, that space, otherwise have remained unoccupied between the natural world and the spiritual; and he sympathizes with one in his death, and will be associated with the other by his resurrection. Without another state, it is utterly impossible for him to explain the difficulties of this; going into earth, but destined for heaven, forms the link between two states of being, and partakes much of the grossness of the one, and somewhat the refinement of the other—C. Colton.